

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

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OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

*Extracted from the Narrative of an Exploring Expedition to Oregon and California,
by Captain J. C. Fremont.*

August 21.—An hour's travel this morning brought us into the fertile and picturesque valley of Bear river, the principal tributary to the Great Salt lake. The stream is here 200 feet wide, fringed with willows and occasional groups of hawthorns. We were now entering a region which for us possessed a strange and extraordinary interest. We were upon the waters of the famous lake which forms a salient point among the remarkable geographical features of the country, and around which the vague and superstitious accounts of the trappers had thrown a delightful obscurity, which we anticipated pleasure in dispelling, but which, in the mean time, left a crowded field for the exercise of our imagination.

In our occasional conversations with the few old hunters who had visited the region, it had been a subject of frequent speculation; and the wonders which they related were not the less agreeable because they were highly exaggerated and impossible.

Hitherto this lake had been seen only by trappers who were wandering through the country in search of new beaver streams, caring very little for geography; its islands had never been visited; and none were to be found who had entirely made the circuit of its shores; and no instrumental observations or geographical survey, of any description, had ever been made anywhere in the neighbouring region. It was generally supposed that it had no visible outlet; but among the trappers, including those in my own camp, were many who believed that somewhere on its surface was a terrible whirlpool, through which its waters found their way to the ocean by some subterranean communication. All these things had made a frequent subject of discussion in our desultory conversations around the fires at night; and my own mind had become tolerably well filled with their indefinite pictures, and insensibly coloured with their romantic descriptions, which, in the pleasure of excitement, I was well disposed to believe, and half expected to realize.

Where we descended into this beautiful valley, it is three to four miles in breadth, perfectly level, and bounded by mountainous ridges, one above another, rising suddenly from the plain.

We continued our road down the river, and at night encamped with a family of emigrants—two men, women, and several children—who appeared to be bringing up the rear of the great caravan. I was struck with the fine appearance of their cattle, some six or eight yoke of oxen, which really looked as well as if they had been all the summer at work on some good farm. It was strange to see one small

family travelling along through such a country, so remote from civilization. Some nine years since, such a security might have been a fatal one; but since their disastrous defeats in the country a little north, the Blackfeet have ceased to visit these waters. Indians, however, are very uncertain in their localities; and the friendly feelings, also, of those now inhabiting it may be changed.

According to barometrical observation at noon, the elevation of the valley was 6400 feet above the sea, and our encampment at night in latitude 42 deg. 03 min. 47 sec., and longitude 111 deg. 10 min. 53 sec., by observation—the day's journey having been 26 miles. This encampment was therefore within the territorial limit of the United States; our travelling, from the time we entered the valley of the Green river, on the 15th of August, having been to the south of the 42nd degree of north latitude, and consequently on Mexican territory; and this is the route all the emigrants now travel to Oregon.

The temperature at sunset was 65 deg.; and at evening there was a distant thunder storm, with a light breeze from the north.

Antelope and elk were seen during the day on the opposite prairie; and there were ducks and geese in the river.

The next morning, in about three miles from our encampment, we reached Smith's fork, a stream of clear water, about fifty feet in breadth. It is timbered with cotton-wood, willow, and aspen, and makes a beautiful debouchement through a pass about 600 yards wide, between remarkable mountain hills, rising abruptly on either side, and forming gigantic columns to the gate by which it enters Bear river valley. The bottoms, which below Smith's fork had been two miles wide, narrowed, as we advanced, to a gap 500 yards wide; and during the greater part of the day we had a winding route, the river making very sharp and sudden bends, the mountains steep and rocky, and the valley occasionally so narrow as only to leave space for a passage through.

We made our halt at noon in a fertile bottom, where the common blue flax was growing abundantly, a few miles below the mouth of Thomas's fork, one of the larger tributaries of the river.

Crossing, in the afternoon, the point of a narrow spur, we descended into a beautiful bottom, formed by a lateral valley, which presented a picture of home beauty that went directly to our hearts. The edge of the wood for several miles along the river was dotted with the white covers of emigrant wagons, collected in groups at different camps, where the smokes were rising lazily from the fires, around which the women were occupied in preparing the evening meal, and the children playing in the grass; and herds of cattle grazing about in the bottom, had an air of quiet security and civilized comfort that made a rare sight for the traveller in such a remote wilderness.

In common with all the emigration, they had been reposing for several days in this delightful valley, in order to recruit their animals on its luxuriant pasturage, after their long journey, and prepare them for the hard travel along the comparatively sterile banks of the Upper Columbia. At the lower end of this extensive bottom the river passes through an open canon, where there were high vertical rocks to the water's edge, and the road here turns up a broad valley to the right. It was already near sunset, but, hoping to reach the river again before night, we continued our march along the valley, finding the road tolerably good, until we arrived at a point where it crosses the ridge by an ascent of a mile in length, which was so very steep and difficult for the gun and carriage, that we did not reach the summit until dark.

It was absolutely necessary to descend into the valley for water and grass; and we were obliged to grope our way in the darkness down a very steep bad mountain, reaching the river at about ten o'clock. It was late before our animals were gathered into camp, several of those which were very weak being necessarily left to pass the night on the ridge; and we sat down again to a midnight supper. The road, in the morning, presented an animated appearance. We found that we had encamped near a large party of emigrants, and a few miles below another party was already in motion. Here the valley had resumed its usual breadth, and the

river swept off along the mountains on the western side, the road continuing directly on.

In about an hour's travel we met several Shoshonee Indians, who informed us that they belonged to a large village which had just come into the valley from the mountain to the westward, where they had been hunting antelope and gathering service-berries. Glad at the opportunity of seeing one of their villages, and in the hope of purchasing from them a few horses, I turned immediately off into the plain towards their encampment, which was situated on a small stream near the river.

We had approached within something more than a mile of the village, when suddenly a single horseman emerged from it at full speed, followed by another, and another, in rapid succession; and then party after party poured into the plain, until, when the foremost rider reached us, all the whole intervening plain was occupied by a mass of horsemen, who came charging down upon us with guns and naked swords, lances, and bows and arrows—Indians entirely naked, and warriors fully dressed for war, with the long red streamers of their war bonnets reaching nearly to the ground, all mingled together in the bravery of savage warfare. They had been thrown into a sudden tumult by the appearance of our flag, which, among these people, is regarded as an emblem of hostility, it being usually borne by the Sioux, and the neighbouring mountain Indians, when they come here to war: and we had, accordingly, been mistaken for a body of their enemies. A few words from the chief quieted the excitement, and the whole band, increasing every moment in number, escorted us to their encampment, where the chief pointed out a place for us to encamp, near his own lodge, and made known our purpose in visiting the village. In a very short time we purchased eight horses, for which we gave in exchange blankets, red and blue cloth, beads, knives, and tobacco, and the usual other articles of Indian traffic. We obtained from them also a considerable quantity of berries of different kinds, among which service-berries were the most abundant; and several kinds of roots and seeds, which we could eat with pleasure, as any kind of vegetable food was gratifying to us. I ate here, for the first time, the *kooyah*, or tobacco-root (*valeriana edulis*), the principle edible root among the Indians who inhabit the upper waters of the streams on the western side of the mountains. It has a very strong and remarkably peculiar taste and odour, which I can compare to no other vegetable that I am acquainted with, and which to some persons is extremely offensive. It was characterized by Mr. Preuss as the most horrid food he had ever put in his mouth; and when, in the evening, one of the chiefs sent his wife to me with a portion which she had prepared as a delicacy to regale us, the odour immediately drove him out of the lodge; and frequently afterwards he used to beg that when those who liked it had taken what they desired, it might be sent away. To others, however, the taste is rather an agreeable one; and I was afterwards always glad when it formed an addition to our scanty meals. It is full of nutriment, and in its unprepared state is said by the Indians to have very strong poisonous qualities, of which it is deprived by a peculiar process, being baked in the ground for about two days.

The morning of the 24th was disagreeably cool, with an easterly wind, and very smoky weather. We made a late start from the village, and, regaining the road, (on which, during all the day, were scattered the emigrant wagons,) we continued on down the valley of the river, bordered by high and mountainous hills, on which fires are seen at the summit. The soil appears generally good, although, with the grasses, many of the plants are dried up, probably on account of the great heat and want of rain. The common blue flax of cultivation, now almost entirely in seed—only a scattered flower here and there remaining—is the most characteristic plant of the Bear river valley. When we encamped at night on the right bank of the river, it was growing as in a sown field. We had travelled during the day 22 miles, encamping in latitude (by observation) 42 deg. 36 min. 56 sec., chronometric longitude 111 deg. 42 min. 05 sec.

In our neighbourhood the mountains appeared extremely rugged, giving still greater value to this beautiful natural pass.

(Continued in our next.)

ZION'S HOPE.

This fine ship sailed for Miramichi this day, the fifteenth of August. She is expected to make the present voyage, and return to be employed by the Joint Stock Company in November. But it must be obvious to all that to accomplish this purpose great exertions will be required on the part of all connected with the company. She will require much fitting and appointing before she will be ready for a voyage round the Horn, and not only so, but we must be in a position to supply her with cargo that will be disposable at a good profit at the various ports where she may touch. This will require every exertion that can possibly be made on the part of the shareholders to raise a sufficiency of funds for the purpose. Let this principle be generally understood, *that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well*, and that a failure in our first efforts would have a very discouraging effect upon all. We therefore call upon all connected with the company to use their utmost exertions to raise all the funds they possibly can to meet the time, and accomplish so desired an object.

We have applied for a license as an emigration agent, and mean to avail ourselves of the privileges thereof by sending out passengers to New Orleans or other ports, as beforetime, being assured, that if properly conducted much benefit may arise to the company from the same.

We ask of the Saints their confidence and support; much we have to do, and much anxiety and labour will be necessary to do it well. We are now exerting ourselves to get the deed executed by the subscribers in different parts of the kingdom, and we here beg leave to throw out a remark that may be of much use. Many have complained that they have not had their shares allotted to them on application; this is true, and a great many we have piled together which we know not where to send on account of inefficient addresses, others we have postponed in order to save expense, and send them with a parcel belonging the same locality. But we wish to make known, that if an individual signs the deed, he has no need of an allotment paper at all; the numbers of his shares will be given in his certificate when he has paid the amount of the same; this will save much time and expense.

For the encouragement of all who wish well to the company, and to the church, we have the pleasure to state that the whole amount of shares (ten thousand) which we can issue at present, have been applied for. We rejoice also to make known, that we have secured to the company the premises at Stanley Buildings, and we call for the united efforts of all, to enable us to transact business beneficially for the general good.

We shall now proceed to make a few general remarks on the nature of the company, in order to remove some erroneous impressions that are abroad concerning it. One principle of much importance we wish to make known to all, because we have been much harassed and annoyed occasionally by the ignorance of persons respecting it. For instance, some who have taken shares, and even paid the full amount thereof, from some motive or another have desired to withdraw, and have their money returned, others have talked of making this or that alteration in the laws of the company, or were going to regulate matters, whether according to the laws of the company or not. Now the principle which we wish to teach, is this, that the laws of an incorporated company are the laws of the land, and an individual may as well violate or infringe any general law by which society is regulated, as violate the laws of the company, for he is equally culpable in either respect. We trust this hint will be sufficient for all.

Again, with regard to the objects of the company, we fear that some have not fully comprehended them, but have supposed that it was merely an emigration society, by which the Saints might be enabled to reach their destination in the west. This is altogether a mistake. The object of the company, in the first place, is to

employ the capital thereof in trade and commerce for the mutual benefit of the shareholders, that they may receive interest for their money deposited in the same; but in the second place it is intended to provide a means of emigration for the Saints at the same time that we are seeking by commerce to promote the interests of the company. But the grand object of the same is to assist our brethren in their new location, by trading with them and others, and by taking out instruments of husbandry, machinery, manufactured goods, and other articles which otherwise might cause them years of labour to produce, and thus to facilitate the building up and establishing of a permanent home for the people of God. We expect also eventually to bring back the produce of the Saints to Europe, thus to make both our voyage out and home as profitable as possible to the company.

The Saints and shareholders will be well aware that these are easier matters to write about than to accomplish and carry into effect, and this we feel deeply ourselves, and ask for the sympathy and support of all that wish well to the cause. We are aware that in this, as well as in all things connected with the kingdom of God, that offenses will come, but *woe to them by whom they do come*. We have not been so long connected with the kingdom of God, but that we have seen manifested a great variety of spirits, and while labouring with all possible diligence in the discharge of the multifarious duties devolving upon us, we have still found some whose life and soul seemed to be engaged solely in finding fault, or searching for iniquity. Such things are certainly annoying, but we are content to leave them to reap the reward of the accuser, and to receive the doom of those that seem to live only to make offences manifest. In the meanwhile, let the Saints in every district seek to strengthen our hands by putting means into our power to enable us to labour efficiently for the company, and we pledge ourselves that nothing shall be wanting on our part to carry on the great work in which we are engaged, and to promote the interests of all connected with the same.

T. WARD.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

How opposite to the calculations of the sects of the day are those by which we hope to obtain that great desideratum—the pearl of great price. The parties of the day soothe themselves with the consolation that the pearl may be obtained by sitting at home in the arm chair of luxury, or in the yearly routine of ordained services, or by the heralding of their names as patrons of various institutions, thereby making their left hand conversant with the deeds of the right, but who never think that to obtain this pearl requires all they possess, although they covenanted, by means of sponsors, to forsake the world, the flesh, and the devil. How far this applies to us as a people may be seen from the following:—many on hearing the sound of the gospel in this land, as well as others, have rendered obedience to the same, but the causes which induced us are multifarious; and when we have entered into the church, our actions are in a great measure prompted by the person who brought us in, or convinced us, or those who preside over us. The causes which led us to obey are various—some probably because they have seen the fallacy of all parties and have therefore stood aloof, refraining from shaking hands with any; others brought their minds to believe there was no God—thus becoming what are termed infidels, they take up a cudgel to beat with, and always keep their screen at hand behind which to hide themselves, namely a disbelief in God. Scepticism takes deep hold of man, and fastens its poisonous grasp upon his every pure and ennobling thought, bringing him to the point at last of believing all things by the amount of evidence produced—this is his favourite theme, and in his bosom is a wrangling and a disputing spirit. Under these feelings he hears a preacher of our

church—the preacher vents his spleen against all sects and parties, making one angry while another rejoices, and this is what the infidel wanted. He has now another horse to ride, and says I must believe this man by the amount of evidence produced, or else shew myself a liar to the world; beside his cudgel is a better one than I have, I will take up with it. What for? because it is God's truth? No, but because it chimes in with my feelings, for I can wrangle with the whole professing world. Suppose a man baptized by this kind of a preacher, confirmed by him, and as every spirit begets its own likeness, he begets another wrangler, another disputer, and one that cannot stop in the church of the living God, unless he obtains a proof for himself the work belongs to God, for life eternal does not rest with him, and he has no knowledge of God by which he can get this boon. How many stand now upon the platform in connexion with us that are such I know not, but I know many that are apostates now, who have been tinctured so deeply with scepticism that it never could be fully eradicated. I am not desirous to boast of hundreds convinced and brought into the church by such a practice, how many of my fellow officers now in the priesthood that can say they are free from this spirit of wrangling, how many can say I do not cut off more people from coming to hear than I gain by love into the church, nor how many now make a common practice of carrying on a warfare with all creeds, searching the bible for the most bitter reproofs against the various sects, but I fear there are many. I would exhort you to forsake this course, it is not a good spirit, but a darkening one, and if you compass sea and land to make a proselyte, when you have made him, what is he but two fold more the child of darkness, and you are both blind and fall into the ditch. But to return. Many come in because they see faith, repentance, and baptism is right; all this is true—they obey—but if you attempt to lead them on, some will say I believe the first principles—all this is good; but what need have I to gather, or go to learn more—I have done so far so well; I will obey counsel, I will follow in righteousness the head; while at the same time they never, by the very fact of their obeying the gospel, knew what the first grain of righteousness was; they might have been just and good, Cornelius like, yet he had to send for Peter to teach him the way of life more perfectly. They have just stepped on the threshold, and because they see men as trees walking, they will follow the head as far as it goes in righteousness; but if they see what they conceive to be a wrong course, cry out and oppose it. What consummate folly! To whom are we indebted for the first ray of light? Who made the bible a new book to us? Who drew our attentions to these things? You answer the head. Then how shall we rise up, and because we have got a tithe of light, say we will follow the head so long as it goes on in righteousness, when every day ought to show us our own vitiated taste pertaining to the laws of God; for what, I ask, do we know, scarcely how to love, or how to hate—how to walk or stand alone, yet dictation seems active. Another says, I must see the head do so; you must be unscrupulously honest, for although I was dragged in by the net when it was spread in the muddy stream, yet I do not want to see any bad fish in the net, for should I do so, I shall jump back into the old stream, or, like the sow, wallow in the mire again and make myself ten times dirtier. Why? Because the person I first heard preach has left the church, or I have given a part of my substance—some of my hard earnings are gone, I cannot stand this; I like the pearl, but it costs too much to get it; I cannot go and sell all I have got and buy it; I cannot leave houses and lands, father and mother for this cause; I never expected it; I can meet anything, but do not bring me to the test; I have willingly rendered obedience to the first principles, and that at a sacrifice of many friends. If we consider that our religion is so much better than any of the various species of religion that is afloat, we must prepare our minds to obtain the best reward at a sacrifice of all; the way to obtain it is plain and pointed—the path to the field is narrow. Anxiety or ambition prompts us toward the place where the pearl is deposited, and the man that enters this church in the present year, is as anxious to obtain it as the one who entered in the first year, and it is his right if he is faithful; but this anxiety prompts every man so much that we are like soldiers when on march in single file, when his leader moves his feet the next puts his in the same place, and if one should run out of the ranks to pick up some bauble in the shape of some lost piece of money, while he is picking it up his place is filled, he cannot break in any where, for should he do

so he would rob some one of their place; he must go to the end and bring up the rear, and all because his eye was not kept on the prize, but was looking round to see what there was by the way side. We are compelled to keep moving, we cannot say with Moses, stand still and see the salvation of God, unless we are placed in similar circumstances. It was time for them to stand still, for they could neither go forward, side ways, nor backward; therefore God had to exercise his power for their deliverance, and they had to stand still and see the salvation wrought out for them; but we must move on, keep marching, and if we come to a rock, a sea, or an army press us in the rear, then we may say—stand still. But when we entered into this church it was an eternal life principle, or ought to have been; we should sit down and count the cost before we go to war, and most assuredly we shall have to go to war and bind the devil and make a millennium. Much have I read and heard upon these two principles—the binding of the devil for a thousand years, and a millennium. Some have it already begun, and Satan bound, but I think his works are so apparent I doubt the truth of their assertions. I do most decidedly believe the seed is sown in some hearts from which will be produced a millennium, for if ever we have one we shall have to make it; it must begin in our hearts, and then like the rising sun, small in its commencement, it will rise and expand till it illumines the earth with its rays. When we are united heart and hand—when we are one—when we are brothers indeed—when we can say we know we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren—when we can lay down our life for a brother—when we are circumcised in the heart—when we can feel another's woe—when every heart throbs alike—when our interests are one, the prosperity of the kingdom of God—when we can say if the head is pained the whole body is pained—when, I say, unity is our constant aim, almighty in its effects and influence, then we may talk of the millennium, of binding Satan. No other chain in the world can ever bind him except the grand chain of unity. He will laugh at every other effort, and like the maniac, will snap every other means as the cobweb weavings of imbecile man. Strive every way you can and he will put you to shame, and laugh at your presumption. We may run round the world and endeavour to make proselytes, but if we make them not upon the noble principles of unity what are they? only an increase in number; but plant that seed deep and water it well, it will grow and bring forth fruits meet for a place in the grand assembly of the Saints. What blessings can we obtain under the distracted feelings and notions of our minds as they now are, sorry I am to say but few. Tell me who can limit the amount when we are united—when we are one. Let us take a candle and look within and search every corner of our hearts to see what induced us to come in—let us look like the woman for the piece of silver—let us sweep down all the cobwebs of sectarianism, brush out the rubbish of tradition, and put out ever ism in our hearts and make room to receive the new guests, principles of eternal truth; and if our motives will not stand the strictest scrutiny let us ask God to forgive us, and what we lack we will ask Him also to make up. Let us then arouse ourselves and see to what we are destined to become, the welcome guest at the feast of the righteous; to make the earth blossom as the rose, to bring in the rest of the same, to make a millennium; and let us ever remember the seed must be in our own hearts—there it is where it must first begin; and I feel thankful it has begun to dawn—the sun begins to rise. How sweet is it when brethren dwell in unity, and let us ever remember if we get the pearl of great price, it will be unity helped us to it. What shall then drive us from our purpose? Shall a brother's fault, his misconduct or failure in any respect? I hope not, for there is a pearl to be given to every one that is faithful, and I do not want to see any other have one and not myself—it is an individual concern. Shall we run out of the ranks because some man ahead of us on whom we trusted much is turned aside, and ask him, saying, pay me what thou owest, and while we are quibbling with him about the same, the spirit of another power takes possession of us, and we forget the march, which like time and tide, waits for no one, and when we see all our time spent is lost, having fought against the wind, the place where we stood filled up, we must come in at the rear, and then what are our feelings. Let then every consideration go but to maintain your place at the risk of every thing, and know most assuredly, as Abraham offered up Isaac to test his faithfulness to God and his purposes, so shall we if it is not our son or only

child, it will be something else, for we have all got our Isaacs, if I might be allowed to spiritualize for once, and we shall have to offer it up in some way. We will be tested and tried, we will be proved to the very core, and every string pulled, yet there is sweet consolation, although these things are not joyous at present but rather grievous, yet if we will let them they will work on for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I hope then we may all strive and never give up, but get the pearl of great price. Although it takes all we have got, and I trust when time shall cease to be—moons wax and wane no more—stars no longer needed, having answered the end of their creation—the sun put out, and the Lamb of God the light of the world. Then may we stand in our white robe of righteousness, purchased through tribulation and fidelity to God, and our brethren crowned in his presence, and the pearl of great price glitter in the diadem of all; and the shoutings of ransomed thousands shall proclaim us worthy to reign for ever, and there we shall see the effect of unity—almighty and never ending unity.

DAVID C. KIMBALL.

LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT.

Merthyr, July 24th, 1846.

Dear brother,—To an individual who loves the eternal theme, and placed amid the busy scenes and diversified afflictions of mercantile life, at the same time harassed in mind as a child of God while surrounded by the busy hum of worldlings, necessarily attendant in the populous and commercial enterprise of your extending locality, it would not be amiss or uninteresting to change the scene, and in leisure moments peruse the adventures of a wandering brother among the mountains. And inasmuch as I have been lost to the Liverpool world, and they to me for some time, this may open the frozen passage by removing the ice bergs (if any there be that obtrude it) by the gentle breezes that blow from the tropical climes of "Kolob."

Since I left you, I have been preaching on my way through the principal towns of eight counties, in each place had the consolation to know that some more or less believed the gospel, although I baptized only four, organised two branches, ordained two priests, three teachers, and two deacons. One circumstance in particular is worthy of note, because the power of God is manifested thereby. In one place a young man who had a sore leg—past cure by the doctors—upwards of twenty pieces of bone having been worked out of it! and he not able to walk without a crutch since a year last Christmas. When he believed the gospel, I told him he would be healed if he would obey; he walked about a mile with crutches. By the river side we prayed that he might be enabled to dispense with his crutch, and he walked into the water without it—out again, and home—and so far as I have heard has never used it since. I carried his crutch home through the town on my back, the man telling them that he was healed, but strange to say they would neither believe him nor their own eyes, but cried out impostors, &c., and that he might have walked before!! although they knew better; but however, the man got a blessing, and when I left, the wounds in his leg were closing finely, and free from pain. Two others, a priest and a Saint, were miraculously healed by the power of God publicly, yet for all that, there were none but the Saints that would "return glory to God."

In another place, a blind man was persuaded, as I had reason to believe, and for a sign came forward to be baptized. I questioned him hard, suspecting his integrity, but he insisted on being baptized, so then I could forestall his wickedness and frustrate their plan only by publishing a public baptism of a blind man, far and

wide, to take place on a certain time. It was astonishing to see the crowds that came from the regions round about; both priests, preachers, persecutors, and people. Oh, what an opportunity that was to explain the whys and wherefores of Mormonism, sign seeking, &c. They all listened with the greatest attention for about two hours, although many had come on purpose to oppose, but I could not get a try out of any of them. I shewed them that our religion was true, whether the blind man got his sight or not; it was true before the blind man was heard of, that it would remain as true when he was dead and forgotten, and that it is eternally true, and I knew it. But after the baptism, while walking up to the house to be confirmed, it was amusing to hear the remarks as the crowd followed, crossing and re-crossing to peep at his eyes, to see whether his sight was restored; some said it was, some that he was blinder than before, and that was difficult. But there and then Madam Slander filled the baskets of her pedlars with a variety of *trinkets* that were retailed out again at a fine rate, until even her own markets were entirely deluged. However, I confirmed the man, anointed and laid hands on him, and he shouted for joy in the presence of all, and testified that while hands were on his head he could "see the candle in the candlestick on the table; that he was more than satisfied." But the fun of the matter was, that after I left, the sign-seekers who persuaded him to come, found themselves in their own trap, and again persuaded the man that it was all "conjuring," imposition, &c., and were not satisfied until they got the man back to his former blindness, spiritually and bodily. If this is not a specimen of the "blind leading the blind," tell me what is? However, it is only a prophecy fulfilled, "that both will fall in the ditch together."

But I must hasten to tell you of the grand conference that was held here on the 12th and 13th of July. For a grand one it was, though of the many who had promised to visit us then, not one came, nor brother Kimball either. Whatever loss we sustained by their absence, we were not the only losers I think. I have only room to give you a few of the general items. The hall was thronged in the morning with a warm-hearted and respectable audience. The presiding elders represented 29 branches, almost universally in the bonds of love and union, and in flourishing conditions, containing 23 elders, 42 priests, 25 teachers, 15 deacons. Baptized in the last three months 210. Total, 780. The county of Pembroke was not represented, no one being present, hence it is not included. The meetings were carried on as usual, only much more of the spirit of God among us than I ever before witnessed. I heard not a whisper or an apostate's rumour throughout, nor do I like such dull music.

Monday morning we called and ordained 9 elders, 23 priests, 11 teachers, and 4 deacons—for the Principality organized three new branches, ratified the organization of the Monmouthshire conference, finished our business, and gave room for the ladies to bring in their China, cakes, and delicacies, and by two o'clock the scenery was considerably changed, though for the better still, for I should have told you that our conference was to be sealed up by a glorious *Tea Party*, and such in short it proved itself in every sense of the word—about one thousand partook of the feast. But about the last, though not least of the business, I suppose you will say that I am tainted with sectarianism! whether so or not, we formed a Missionary Society, the object of which is good, and I hope that the name will not be deemed unfit for it, since it is formed expressly to raise funds, by voluntary contributions, to assist the travelling elders to preach the glad tidings in new places; and so great has been its success already, that it enabled twelve to go into the vineyard and devote their whole time where the fulness of the gospel was never heard. The profits of the tea party (being £22 10s.) was consecrated to this object; every presiding elder of a branch through Wales forms a committee; the funds to be appropriated as the majority may direct. In order to increase the funds, as well as to report the progress, I pray Almighty God, who owns the work, to crown the efforts of the society with success. We have appointed a prayer meeting to be kept in every branch, on the first Monday evening in every month, then to contribute according as the Lord has blessed them. I trust it is so organized as to prevent impositions, misunderstandings, and personal interests, which are the basis of most institutions. If it meets your approval and worthy of your prayers, or if you have any amendments to make, as I hope you will, please advise with me; at any rate

I pray with all my heart it may be the means, under the blessing of God, to warn my brethren and sisters of their danger, that they may fly to the strong holds of eternal truth for safety.

I must close lest I wear out your patience, as I have done my paper, though I might give you other items that are interesting. What news from America? My love to brother Ward, tell him I have not had a STAR for a good while. That parcel of the Joint Stock receipts, which I left in the office, has never come. Please send them, we are out. Give my love to brother Wilson too, and write soon, and convince me whether my dreams are wrong.

Your obedient servant and brother,

D. JONES.

LETTER TO MR. THOMAS WARD.

East Bradford, July 24th, 1846.

Dear Brother Ward,—Your lad has not yet forgotten you, and to prove it I improve this opportunity of addressing a few lines to you, to let you know that I am, together with my family, in the land of the living and enjoying good health, and I hope and pray that these lines will find you and yours enjoying the same blessing. In mind I frequently cross the Atlantic Ocean, and take a survey of my brethren and sisters in the British Isles, and not unfrequently I wish my body there too, once more to shake the friendly hand in your midst. But here am I, in a boasted land of liberty, with a few Saints here and there, endeavouring to gather them together to follow those who have gone into the wilderness and over the Rocky Mountains to California. Oh, my God! what a land of liberty—liberty for sinners but not for saints. When will the time come that the Saints will take the kingdom and possess it for ever?

Dear brother, my prayer to God my heavenly father is, that his work may roll on with power, and be cut short in the earth for the benefit of his Saints, that we may be together once more on the earth and rejoice at such a meeting. I often think of the happy hours I spent in your company, and I trust to have the privilege again in a land of peace and plenty. I understand brother Hedlock has left England for America, but I have not heard a word from him since I left, nor any of you in Liverpool, except brother Woodruff, neither have I received any of your papers. Now I will thank you to take up your pen and write me a long letter on receipt of this, and tell me all the news you can about the Saints in Old England, and especially about the Preston and Manchester conferences; you cannot imagine what a great favour you will confer upon your unworthy lad, Leonard. I have written several letters and have not received an answer to one of them, yet I cannot bring myself to believe the Saints have forgotten me so soon, for I think I shall never forget their kindness to me while in their midst. I request you to give all the Saints my kindest love and respects that you see.

Brother Holmes has got married since we arrived home, to a lusty Downeaster, in the state of Maine, and I shall take the liberty to send his best respects to you and all the Saints. I send you a couple of circulars, and by them you will perceive that I have no time to waste in idleness, if I do my duty as a man of God, and I desire to do all for the Saints that it is possible for me to do for their salvation, both temporal and spiritual, that I may have my reward in heaven.

I am aware your time is much limited by the press of matters that of necessity have to pass through your hands, but I beg of you to spare a little to answer this. I also wish you would send me some of your papers, as well as the sixth volume of the STAR, get it bound and I will endeavour to send for it. Tell all the Saints from me that I feel to exhort them to be faithful in all things, to keep the command-

ments of God, and be humble that they may have the spirit of God to lead them, ever being ready to hear counsel from those men who have been called and chosen of God to counsel them in all things, and the peace and blessing of Almighty God will rest upon them, and will open the way for their deliverance; be at peace among yourselves, and be as one, or, says Jesus Christ, you are not mine; and if they are one and endure unto the end, they will be saved with a complete and full salvation. May God grant that this may be their lot and mine for Christ's sake.

My wife and children desire to be remembered to you, and I request you to remember me to all in the office. Be sure not to forget my friends in Manchester, brother and sister Flint, mother Downes, all their relatives, and all the rest of my good friends in Manchester. My best respects to your wife and family, and accept a large share yourself. I am, as ever, your brother and lad,

LEONARD HARDY.

LETTER TO MESSRS. HEDLOCK, WARD, AND BANKS.

St. Louis, July 10th, 1848.

After being silent a little while, I take this opportunity of writing a few lines to you, hoping they will find you as they leave me—*alive*—and in the enjoyment of good health, although some of the mob have threatened to kill me; yet I feel perfectly safe, and may with propriety sing as the Methodists sometimes do in their meetings, "I am on my journey home." I have had a trip on horseback up into the wilds of the Far West. I started from Nauvoo on the 25th of May, and the sight of the camps of the brethren, which I every day met with on my journey, was at once striking and impressive, and especially when we revert to the language of the ancient prophets. David appears to have had a view of this great move, Psalm cxxxii. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—Ezekiel xi. 33 to 38 inclusive—Micah iv. 8, 9, 10—the prophet here seems to have had a perfect view of the death of Joseph and Hyrum, and the scenes that should soon follow. The church must go out of the city and dwell in the fields spoken of by David—this is now being literally fulfilled, and that contrary to the expectations of many of the Saints as well as others, who thought they should stay in the city and worship in the temple they had laboured so very diligently to build; but the Lord's ways are not as man's ways, for if the church had been permitted to stay in Nauvoo, the work of the Lord would have been retarded; but there were wicked men who were ordained from the foundation of the world to bring this move spoken of by the prophets into requisition, just as much as Judas was before ordained to betray Jesus Christ, that the salvation and redemption of man might be cancelled in heaven; so to bring about this great move into the wilderness in the due time of the Lord, were Williams, Sharp, Rosevelt, Grover, Davis, Aldridge, M'Cauley and others ordained for the purpose. God knowing beforehand the wickedness of their hearts, suffered them while working for the salvation of the Saints, to seal their own condemnation by their own wicked deeds as did Judas.

But to return to a short account of my journey. On my way to the upper camp, or what is called mount *Pisgah*, which is about two hundred miles from Nauvoo, in about a south-west direction, this camp is situated on land belonging to the Potowattomy tribe of Indians, who have received the brethren with kindness. At this place I met with brothers Young, Kimball, Taylor, Richards, O. Pratt, and Amasa Lyman of the twelve. About ten miles further on their way to Council Bluffs, I met with G. A. Smith, also of the twelve, in company with his father. They had encamped at the edge of some timber, for the purpose of repairing their wagons, and where there is timber there is generally a stream of water running along

through it. On this night, 4th of June, I lodged with brother H. C. Kimball's company, in a wagon, about fifty miles from Council Bluffs. Next morning we all arose early, the women being employed in preparing breakfast, while men and boys were driving the cattle to the camp, in order to yoke the oxen and milk the cows, and so prepare for the journey for the day. After breakfast I went in company with brother Kimball to the camp of president B. Young to receive their blessings along with brother W. Richards, and bid them good bye for a season. The companies then began to move to the west, while I with my horse turned toward the east, when soon we lost sight of each other in the distance on the wide spread prairie of the wilds of the Far West. On the 5th I lodged with brother John Taylor's company, five miles from mount Pisgah, and the sixth started by five o'clock in the morning, being anxious to return to Nauvoo, which I accomplished in the afternoon of Friday the 12th of June. On coming to the river opposite Nauvoo, I found all bustle and confusion, the people making the best of their way out of the city with whatever of their goods they could take with them; the cry being that the mob was then encamped within five miles of Nauvoo, and the following was the day appointed by them to blow up the temple with gunpowder. The mob consisted of between four and five hundred according to statements made by those who had seen them. On Saturday, the 13th, there were meetings held in the temple, also outside in front of the temple, and one in the evening at the hall of the seventies, where it was finally agreed upon that a committee of the new citizens should visit the mob camp with an order from the sheriff to move or take the consequences; but they did not wait the invitation, for some of them packed up early in the evening and scampered off for home. On Sunday morning, the 14th of June, I was one of a party of ten, who started to reconnoitre the movements of the mob party, when having proceeded about two miles and a half down the river side, we fell in with a man mounted on horseback, with a loaded gun and a bed quilt strapped behind the saddle, for the purpose of camping. Our party being the sheriff's posse, of course we captured the gentleman, and sent two of our company to conduct him before the sheriff in Nauvoo. We proceeded on toward the mob camp, and on arriving within half a mile of the place we were informed by one of the committee who was returning from the place of the camp, that the mobbers had all fled, thus fulfilling the proverb, the wicked flee when none pursue. Thus ended this mob gathering.

Dear brethren, on looking over my letter I find that I have not said anything about the people generally; but I can truly say that I never saw any people so well satisfied. They were healthy and cheerful. One of the sisters told me that she had had frequent attacks of rheumatism before she started with the camp, but that she had not been the least troubled with it since she came out, although shortly after they began to move the weather was very cold, and sometimes they would wake up in the morning covered with snow, and yet experience no inconvenience from the cold or otherwise. They had a spirit of oneness among them, and I can say for myself that I never felt so much like leaving home in my life as I did on the morning I left the brethren to return home. I will now conclude with my love to you and all the Saints in Great Britain, and with these sentiments I subscribe myself your brother in the bonds of the new and everlasting covenant.

AMOS FIELDING.

AN ACCUSING SPIRIT.

In the contemplation of human nature there are many things to admire, and many virtues are made manifest, which glow like rainbows in a storm, and afford a sweet relief from the darkened picture of human existence. It is a great blessing

whoever possesses it, to be capable of beholding and of pointing out the various virtues that characterize our fellow-beings; and to be enabled with a charity, born only of heaven, to cover the faults and failings of our common brotherhood, and select the peculiar virtues of individual character, and dwell upon them with delight. How God-like, and how blessed is such a spirit, and what happiness is derived from indulgence therein; and how mightily contrasted is it to the spirit that seeks only to accuse, that can only delight itself in the failings and errors of mankind, so born of hell as only to find delight in the defects of humanity. We have made these general remarks by the way of warning the Saints against an indulgence in such a spirit. We have learned one great principle, which is, that we are to be saviours of men, and yet, what is he that is everlastingly labouring to find out the failings and weaknesses of his brethren, but a destroyer? It is the very work of Satan, and his servants they are whom they serve. We would kindly and calmly remonstrate with those who are indulging in such a spirit, and would ask them to examine themselves narrowly, and inquire into the motives that prompt them to action in such a course. Does it yield them happiness to find that a brother has failings? It may, if it soothes them when reflecting upon their own, but let us be delivered from such a gratification, banish it far from us, O, our God, and grant unto us that charity which covereth a multitude of sins.

But we know well, that there is no error into which individuals are so easily led, as indulgence in this practice, and when once commenced, it will as it were fasten upon their very natures, until their whole thought, their life, consists in pursuing the frailties and failings of their fellow man. What an awful condition is such; it is indeed to them that can discern aright, a specimen of hell upon earth. But the grand delusive point of the tempter is this—that he inspires the persons thus actuated with the thought, that their course is most righteous, and that it arises from their superior purity, and hatred of whatsoever is sinful, and thus does the arch-deceiver lead them to become the accusers of the brethren, while in so doing, they are his direct and most obedient servants.

But again, we would enquire the object to be accomplished by indulgence in this habit, and especially in the kingdom of God. Does he intend to increase the faith of the Saints by pointing out the defects of a brother? Does he calculate on establishing confidence in the authorities of the church, by demonstrating that such are imperfect beings, and are subject to infirmities like other men? These cannot be his motives, for the objects could never be effected, and he would be a madman who adopted such a plan. But we can surmise a few reasons for such a course of conduct; chagrin, disappointed ambition, envy or malice, can be the only motives from which such a principle of hell emanates; its origin was thence, its practice is the same, and its end is there. Beware, therefore, ye Saints of God of this diabolical principle, for while the objects of slander and accusation are themselves seeking to serve God to the best of their abilities, regardless of the accuser, he on the contrary is nursing in his bosom a serpent that will sting him sooner or later, and he is planting seeds from which he will ere long reap confusion and dismay.

Of the truth of the sentiments we have been endeavouring to enforce, let us contemplate for a moment the general conduct of the enemies of God, and of the Saints. What has been the course of proceeding of all the apostates by which the church has been vexed and tried in America? Individuals steeped in iniquity that has placed them far from the pale of the church, have come forth in the garb of professed purity, and have justified themselves in their apostacy, because of the imperfections and failings of the Saints. The history of the past abundantly confirms this statement, and it is not merely confined to mere apostates, but the blood-thirsty mobocrat that revels in the destruction of life and property seeks to justify himself by accusations of iniquity against them he persecutes. Let us then endeavour to classify and arrange principles and actions according to their just and true character, and let the accuser of the brethren though he now stands numbered with the people of God, be placed in his true position and with the spirits with which his own harmonizes—the apostate, the murderer, and the devil.

Latter-day Saints' Millennial Star.

AUGUST 15, 1846.

WE have ourselves been pleased, and have no doubt but our readers will be the same, in perusing the communication from our much esteemed brother Amos Fielding. We wish him a speedy and successful journey to England, and hope that he will be able to realize his intended voyage for California at the time anticipated. We have also given an extract from the *New York Herald* of August 1st, respecting the state of affairs in Nauvoo and the vicinity, which fully makes manifest the state of society from which the Saints have made, and are now making, their escape. Though one thing is very apparent that more ample justice will be done to the present inhabitants of the city of Nauvoo, than was ever meted out to the industrious Saints that laboured so diligently to build it. The letter of Leonard Hardy will, we are sure, be read with pleasure by all who knew the excellency of his character.

We have not quoted much of late in regard to the signs of the times, and indeed, but a portion of what is published would fill the whole of our pages. The tremendous destruction of life and property by the late storms, is almost unprecedented; while the accounts relative to a great portion of the staple food of the great mass of the people, are very alarming; particularly with regard to the potatoe crop. Accounts from all quarters of England, Scotland, and Ireland, testify to the truth of the same; and it will be understood that the present statements are made independent of political motives, and are too truly matter-of-fact reports, that ere long will be sadly realized. We anticipate, and sincerely believe, that disasters of this nature will increase with alarming rapidity, and with strides for which mankind will not be prepared. Let those who have been privileged to know the truth in the last days, and what their duty is, be up and doing, and let them seek to obey the commandments of God, and escape from the calamities that must come upon the nations from the wrath of an offended God.

We feel great satisfaction at all times in recurring to that great principle, which we have often urged upon the attention of the Saints, which is, that whatever transpires, of whatever nature it may be, be it prosperous or adverse, come from whatever source it may—from the church itself, or from the world, "All things shall work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." There is a satisfaction and a confidence imparted to the honest in heart, in reflecting upon this principle, which proves it of inestimable value; it seems to elevate the Saint into a lofty and elevated position, from which he can look down upon the turmoil, the confusion and darkness amongst which the nations are struggling, while at the same time he can behold his own path pointed out, as a stream of light amid surrounding gloom, leading him onward and onward to life, and light, and glory. Let this principle then, be as a shield unto the Saints, under every trial of their faith, and their happiness shall be commensurate with their vivid perception of this glorious truth.

Very gratifying are the statements of our gallant friend and brother, Captain Jones, we are glad to hear of his success, and trust that through his agency and others, the principles of truth may go on, to subject and subdue a nation that has never been conquered.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE WEST.

MORMON EXCITEMENT—HOUSE BURNERS AT WORK—EXCITEMENT AT FORT MADISON.

We have received an Extra from the *Nauvoo Eagle*, dated the 17th ult., from which we clip the following:—

An express from the southern part of the country furnishes the intelligence that "Moses' Fire Insurance Company" is again in the field, and that a large stack of cut grain, together with two or three out-houses, have been destroyed by the incendiaries. The property belonged to a Mr. Marsh, who, although an Anti Mormon, has become obnoxious to some of the "Regulators," who have made an example of him by burning his property. Mr. Marsh resides near Col. Williams's neighbourhood, and about 15 miles south of this city.

The posse dispatched by the legal authorities to ascertain the fate of the kidnapped citizens, and watch the movements of the "Regulators," are still at Pontoosuc. They have not yet been enabled to get any information concerning the fate of the men abducted by the mob, and many fear that they have been brutally murdered. Finch, (against whom sundry processes are out,) secreted himself at Pontoosuc on the arrival of the posse, and fled to Fort Madison as soon as they left. Many of the mobocrats from the northern part of the county have fled to Iowa also, where they exerted themselves to the utmost to get up an excitement against the New Citizens of Hancock, by circulating the most abominable falsehoods. The reports "that the prisoners now held by law in this city are in danger," is entirely false, as well as the stories that "the New Citizens intend to destroy property and annoy innocent persons."

Finch solemnly promised the authorities that the kidnapped citizens should be sent down to Nauvoo last Wednesday, provided they would suffer him to go at liberty. This sacred pledge he has violated, and has, no doubt, caused the men to be removed to one of the islands up the river. While at Fort Madison, this morning, he made a proposition to Capt. Clifford to exchange the kidnapped men for those who are in the laws custody at Nauvoo. As the citizens were seized without even the pretext of legal authority, and as the lynchers in Nauvoo are now in the custody of the State, this proposition was scouted at. In fact, Finch has proved himself a man upon whom no reliance whatever can be placed, and it is now apprehended by many, that the intentions of himself and the land pirates under him, are to sacrifice the kidnapped men.

A note, purporting to come from the latter, has been received by the citizen's committee, which proposes that the prisoners in the hands of the constables at Nauvoo should be released, as the only means of saving the men in custody of the mob. The affair has caused a great excitement in this city, and an expedition is talked of to scour the island in search of the missing men. The Sheriff of Lee county, Iowa, has promised the assistance of a posse for furthering this humane design, by watching the Iowa shore.

Mrs. Needham, the wife of one of the men arrested by the posse at Pontoosuc, informs the committee that she understood that the new citizen who fell into the hands of the mob, was so badly lynched that they were obliged to send for a physician to save his life. This corresponds with the information received from other sources by the posse, on their arrival at Pontoosuc.

It is reported that the mob leaders in the south part of the county, have charged the burning of Marsh's wheat upon the Mormons; and that they have called upon the "Regulators" to assemble again at Golden's Point, on Monday next. The charge of the burning upon the Mormons, is a stale trick, and one that can no longer be practised with success.

The scene of the conflagration is in Col. Williams's neighbourhood, at least 15 miles distant, and no person from this city has been in that direction. Of the few Mormons left in Nauvoo not one could be induced to go into this region, on any consideration. That the wheat and buildings were fired by some of the mob party is certain; but whether to injure Mr. Marsh, or to get up an excitement against this city, remains to be seen. As some device of this kind generally precedes a gathering, it is not improbable that the conflagration was raised with that end in view. A sham attack upon a school house was once made for this purpose, and sham thefts have been committed to produce a similar result. As some of the Carthage gang have gone off in this direction, it is not at all improbable that a rising is contemplated, and that the incendiary has been set to work to give a colour of justification to a contemplated movement against this city.

While we are writing, a dense smoke may be seen in the direction of Montabello, and it is feared that "Moses' Fire Insurance Company" is at work again in that quarter.

We have just seen an extra printed at Warsaw, which, from beginning to end is a tissue of falsehood. The statements put into the mouth of a Jemina Lofton, wife of the Lofton who scourged the new citizen at the lynching on Saturday last, are utterly false, as can be proved by at least a dozen witnesses who are not Mormons.